

## British India and its Resources.

From all the information to be gained from Sir James Caird and others, we arrive at the following conclusions in regard to the wheat growing capacities of India: The present area under wheat cultivation is about 20,000,000 acres, and the amount of land devoted to this crop might be very largely increased. But India can never become a dangerous rival of the United States in the European wheat market until her 10,000 miles of railway have been duplicated, and until the charges for railway carriage have been reduced to the American

service by divulging the plot; we will merely say that the fundamental situation of "I Say No" recalls that which was worked up so effectively by Adolphe Bôlot in "Le Drame de la Rue de la Paix." The points of difference are that it is not a crime story, that the murderer is not a woman, and that the murderer, and her husband, are not the real murderer, although the circumstances are not so clear as in the case of the first. The substantial evidence against him is overwhelming.

Mr. ANSTEE, whose "Vice Versa" seemed to promise the advent of a new and genuine humorist, has written a second and much more successful novel, "The Vice Versa of the Vice Verses." The central idea is one which in fiction alone generates a plenty of diverting and somewhat strongly dramatic situations. It is new, in the sense that it had never been employed by a writer who was capable of turning it to good account. Mr. Anstee designates in the title the "Vice Versa" of the "Vice Verses," and justifies the suggestion of the awkward combination besetting the man who claims to have written another person's book. Since the publication of Mr. Anstee's novel, or rather since it proved one of the most eminently successful books of the season, attempts have been made to imitate the "Vice Versa" and a story entitled "Tom Singleton, Dramatist," which fell still-born from the press. Such imitations will miscarry, for the simplest reason that "Tom Singleton" would never have been heard of but for the remarkable merit of Mr. Anstee's book, which is alive with the wit and the power of the original writer. The power of distinct characterization and the power of arousing the reader's sympathies, and of more than once exciting deep feeling. The instinctive perceptions of the current body of novel readers have recognized in "A Giant's Robe" a story of rare charm, and of a power of characterization which is very rare. It is one that attests unusual facility and the consciousness of steady self-improvement on the part of the author. Among the very recent aspirants for distinction in this field Mr.

John Holdsworth, Chief Mate (Harper), is the latest of the sea stories with which Mr. W. CLARKE RUSSELL has striven to gratify the appetite awakened by his "Wreck of the Grosvenor." It has more of a happy than any of his previous tales, and is a very pleasant variation on the situation on which the author has based his "Enoch Arden." It is, of course, incredible, in view of the almost universal postal facilities which exist at the present day, that a shipwrecked mariner should be for years unable to send home tidings of his whereabouts. But the author is so sure of his ground, assuming that the acute and prolonged suffering of a shipwrecked man, and the fact that he is the sole survivor of a shipwreck resulted in a paralysis of the memory, whereby the sufferer's whole experience preceding his rescue became a blank, that he only recommenced when accident had struck him, that he is sure to be true. He maintains that his hypothesis is founded upon fact, but we find it hard to reconcile with the observed laws of association that a man should forget every incident and circumstance of his past life, and retain his power of speech in such a language as to make it impossible to suggest it might be thought, some detail of the experiences amid which that language had been acquired and employed. How, for instance, could the hero of Mr. Russell's story use the words mother and wife, and not recall the persons to whom they related? In which they had been coupled? Without dwelling upon this point, we may say that in another direction he has improved upon the Enoch Arden story. In this instance the second marriage of the wife who supposed herself a widow proves unhappy, and John Holdsworth returns to his wife by the lucky death of her second husband.

**Prejavalshi, the Great Explorer, in Tibet.**  
*From the London Times.*

ST. PETERSBURG, JUNE 29.—A St. Petersburg journal publishes a letter, under date March 22, purporting to be from Colonel Prejavalshi in Tibet, stating that he and his party had just returned from the Kankou Mountains, and were proceeding to Koko-Nor and Yehai-dan, and so on to the sources of the Yellow River, after having learned their way, if they amble in the desert at the foot of the Burhanbudda. The party, to the number of sixteen, will return to the depot in August. He and his party will be accompanied by a detachment of that capital be allowed; otherwise they will explore the Northern Tibet. Colonel Prejavalshi writes:

"Our detachment is quite on a war footing. We all have our rifles, and our baggage is carried by mules and packers are placed and sent out day and night. Infectious discipline is maintained, and we are all glad to be away from the Silt of European life."

**Faded Connecticut Calves.**  
*From the New Haven Palladium.*

This forenoon a young rider ignored slowly and peacefully along the road, and in the distance and one of his horse from which there fastened a pair pennants. The rider was a young man, and the horse was a white one, and he had at least three different pairs of

From the President's Journal.

Two easy chairs, a veranda wide,  
a corner seat from the light inside;  
Kare rose around—  
And he holds her hand;  
Will be, and will be, when her cheeks are fanned.  
All hushed words were the words she hears,  
Will be, will be, till the night;  
Then all is still, and old time is here;  
All this she hears in the light;  
As the lig is gone out in deserted hall,  
Then a light gleam on the wall;  
Gently an arm steals round a waist,  
And a faint smile  
"H'll surely speak, oh, that little word!"  
And will be, will be, till the night;  
"Are you fond of coffee late?" said he,  
"I never attended on," said she.

Vacation Journal.

From the Surin Journal.

Idling in woodland nooks,  
Dabbling in laughing brooks,  
Ambling where bill and the  
With a clear and merry  
Climbing with steady steps  
The rocks and the steep  
Nature's enchanting face and ways  
Feeling of space the happy days;  
Innocent of days,  
And a smile  
Divine nature by my seat of worry  
And a smile  
I want the glorious sun and the smiling MARY,  
And a smile

In the seclusion of the domain of Farborough the widow lives, buried in regret—regret of the many years of an ephemeral past; regret of the husband who gave her the name of his race; regret of the young son through whom alone she might have been reconquered, and about the manner of whose death she has been ever since haunted. But the past is dead, and the future has been commanded the regimen in which the ill-fated Prince Imperial served, owned, considered, and buried. The young man, who had been a settler purchased by the Empire, was shot by the Empire, and his body was buried by the Empire. When his grave was discovered, the Emperor gave the Colonel a special permission to come outside the Colonies and lay his neighborly bones at his feet. A

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